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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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IN THE GERMAN JAM CLOSET.

WILHELM.—Ach, Mutter, I promise do I von't do id again!

GERMANIA.—Vell, rememper!! If you do, den I gifs you a goodt someding vot you von't forget!



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE spectacle of ministers of the gospel praying for an increase in the tariff on zinc are examples the extent to which the curse of special privilege is fastened on our beloved country. To the pious inscription on our coinage, "In God We Trust," might fittingly be added, "And the Devil Take the Hindmost."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was nearly run down by an auto last week. It was a narrow escape for the auto.

EDUCATING the people to combat the spread of tuberculosis is a movement which it would be superfluous to praise. Miniature model tenements and graphic reproductions of the opposite sort will do very little positive good, however, unless the people who see them think to some purpose. While in our cities we have a system of taxation which penalizes with a heavy tax the builder of model tenement and rewards with a low tax the owner of the filthy rookery, model tenements will continue to be few and filthy rookeries will continue to be many. Education is a great force in the fight against consumption, and some day people will learn that there are more deadly wholesale ways of spreading and perpetuating tuberculosis than by expectorating in a car or ferry boat.

THE French dancing masters, in view of the tight skirts now in vogue, have considerably decided that waltzes, polkas and all other dances be danced with shorter steps until fashion gives women freer use of their lower limbs. What *would* Parisian ladies have done had the dancing masters been stubborn and declined to make the change? We tremble, really.

MR. ROOSEVELT, we are told, has decided to abolish the bureaus in the Navy Department. Anybody wishing one of these swell-front secret-drawer antiques should get in an early bid.

THE Mayor of Atlanta is "fighting the kid-glove element to a finish." The kid-glove element consists of citizens who do not think it proper for a Mayor to get drunk periodically and incarnadine the town.

DURING the past month there have been two affecting renunciations by public men. Mr. Sherman hoped he will never be called any higher and Tim Woodruff heroically stepped aside for Mr. Root. Sherman's presidential chances are in the hands of God; it is a serious matter. But even the devil would refuse to take Woodruff seriously.

WITH Andrew Carnegie advocating a reduction of the steel tariff and James J. Hill coming out strong for free trade with Canada, these be restless days for the Stand-patter. Neither Carnegie nor Hill is a "theorist" or a "fanatic," and coming from such sources, their free trade views have jarred people into thinking. If the habit of thinking should become general, there will be more restless days in store for the Stand-patter.

NOW that Maxim has perfected a silent gun, shots will no longer "ring out" in the darkness.

REPUBLICAN promises "to readjust the Tariff Schedules in a just and proper manner," provoke the query, "Have the Sanctified Schedules of the holy Tariff been lacking in justice and propriety? Perish the suspicion!"

MR. TAFT is quoted as saying, in regard to the New York Senatorship that "it was a matter entirely for the State Legislature to settle." How surprisingly little our new President knows about politics!

"I WOULDN'T go back into politics again if any one offered to give me the whole city of New York."

— Richard Croker.

MR. Croker ought to know; he once had it.



DROPPING THE PILOT.

THE ARMY RIDING TEST.

I HAVE stormed the height when a rain of lead
Beat men to the sodden ground;
I've piled up cords of my gory dead
While bearing a grisly wound;
I've faced the foe with the starry flag
Draped over my stricken breast;—
But I draw the line at a sway-backed nag,
And a four-days' riding test!

I've walked with ghosts in the dismal camps,
And slept at a dead man's side;
I've breathed the air of the moisome swamps,
Where the fevers of doom abide;
I've faced the fates with a hero's smiles,
And laughed at the balls that flew;—
But I will not travel a thousand miles
On a livery kangaroo.

I lost one arm on the Shiloh plain,
And a leg on another field;
The sword of a Southron clove my brain,
And the wound is scarcely healed.
I bear my scars as I bear my jug,
Nor sigh of the pains that rack;—
But I will not ride on a knock-kneed plug
To Kalamazoo and back!

Walt Mason.

MERCY? NO!!

A HA! you plead for mercy, Luke Dandruff—you who have never shown mercy to your innocent victims. You shall die the death—a fate more horrible from the fact that nobody knows just what the phrase means.

Mercy? Were you merciful to that young woman, Jessie the Lovely Plumber's Daughter? Did you not corner the lead-pipe market and bring her aged father to within \$200,000 of the verge of ruin? We saw her, Luke Dandruff, (Act II)—saw her reduced to the terrible straights of mercerized goods through your fiendish machinations.

You shall machinate no more. Your minion, George Wallingford, (who might have been an honest Independent League candidate had it not been for your devilish guile) has turned against you. In another moment Hugh Stanton, who loved her even from the time when they were playmates at Public School 273, is coming to the rescue. He will throw you around the stage as though you were a sample copy.

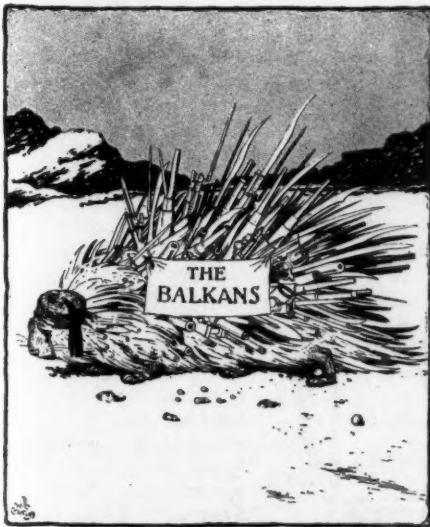
You have overreached at last, Luke Dandruff. Now about that dying the death, of which we spoke. You cringe? You plead? Well, we reconsider—we do not want your worthless blood on our hands. But—

You have in your pocket a permit, which allows you to stand on the corner of Forty-

second street and Broadway, and tell how you taught Mansfield all he knew about acting. Give me that permit!

Now, Luke Dandruff—GO! You are ADRIFT!

Freeman Tilden.



THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE.

(*Hystrix Cristata.*)



WHEN THE STREETS ARE FULL OF "SHEATHS."

MRS. HENRY PECK ACCOMPANIES HER HUSBAND ON HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES OF A WEDDING RING.

I AM just as good as gold. It is not my fault if they are unhappy.

Some women are always digging up their husbands' affection by the roots to see if it is still there.

How can a man expect a woman to be interested in a newspaper rack?

I heard him say to her once: "My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody." Well, he's catching it now all right.

Still he's not satisfied. Men are queer, aren't they?

Laugh and your husband laughs with you. Frown and you frown alone.

I used to be "a monument more lasting than brass." Now, alas—

Barbara Blair.



AUTOMOBILE ITEM.

MENDING A PAIR OF INNER TUBES.

SWEET CHARITY.

THERE is a poor widow dying of consumption in a reeking tenement down by the river."

"Dear me! I am so glad you told me! I'll send her a couple of free tickets to our cantata of 'Queen Esther,' right away!"

AFTERTHOUGHT.

GOD wrote a thought—'twas rock.

Another—life organic. Another still,
And man, with conscious soul, was given being.

And then He wrote once more—
P. S. Woman!

MODEST.

NEW ARRIVAL (at Boston hotel).—Can I have a private bath?
CLERK.—I hope so, sir.

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.

"HIS NOT TO REASON WHY."



OFFICER.—Now, remember! If any-one comes along, challenge him!
GREEN SENTRY.—Y-y-yes, sir!



SENTRY.—Gee! Challenge him! Well, here goes! S-say, I c-can l-lick y-you.



THE ENEMY.—Phwat's that yez said?

A SPIRITUAL CALL.

WHY, Brother Sweetly, is this really you? So glad to see you and so good of you to call so soon after coming to our parish. Sister Bangs told me yesterday that you said at the Wednesday evening meeting that you meant to call personally on every member in the parish, and I am sure that that is what a minister ought to do. One fault I had to find with our former pastor was that he almost never called. He was here but once in the two or three years he was with us, and I feel sure that a minister cannot get a real spiritual hold on the members of his church without the personal touch that comes by seeing them in their homes and coming into direct contact with—let me take your hat. Walk right into the parlor. No, take this chair. I am sure you will find it much more comfortable. So glad that—

"I hope I find you and your dear ones quite well, and that—"

"Oh, quite so. I feel

that we have much to be grateful for in our good health. But then it is a kind of a family inheritance. Both my parents and my husband's parents are beyond seventy-five and all living and one of my grandmothers was ninety-six when she died and the other eighty-nine, while both of my grandfathers were over eighty when they died and we almost never know what it is to have a doctor in the house. So glad you called after school hours so that I can have you meet my children—my jewels, I call them. Willie, our eldest, is in the next room. Willie, dear! Come in here. Mamma wants you to meet Mr. Sweetly. You can let your home study lesson go a few minutes and—O, yes, you can, dear! Mind mamma now. The dear boy is so absorbed in his studies, Brother Sweetly. He goes right to his books the moment he gets home from



OFFICER.—What's the meaning of this, sir?
SENTRY.—I challenged him, Cap, but he was too much for me.



A LAND SHARK.

MRS KWEERY.—However did you lose your limb, my poor man? Did a shark get it?

BILL TOPSEL.—Not eggsactly, mum. He only got most o' what I got from the railway comp'ny that got it.

school and I often feel that he studies too hard. We had to keep him out of school most of one year. The doctor said his brain was developing too fast for his body and so—you coming, Willie?"

"No, I ain't!"

"Why, Willie, Willie! That is not the way to speak to mamma. I want you to recite that piece you are to speak at the school exhibition. Mr. Sweetly wants to hear it, I am sure. You don't want to? Yes you do. You see he is to speak at the school exhibition, and—here is my little Helene and—Helene, this is our new minister. Shake hands with him. Yes, you do want to, dearie. She is such a shy child and never makes up with strangers very readily. But, as I tell her father, I would rather have her too shy than too bold and forward like—did you hear the minister ask you how old you are, Helene? Then why don't you answer him? You don't want to? Fie, fie, dearie! You know that you were nine last month and—yes, she is rather large for her age.

When I buy a ready-made dress for her I always ask for an eleven-years size. But her father and all of his people are quite large, and while I do not like to see a really overgrown child I would rather have her large and strong and well than one of these under-sized, frail children with no vitality. Helene, can't you go to the piano and play that pretty new piece your music teacher has been teaching you. I am sure that Mr. Sweetly would like to hear it, wouldn't you Brother Sweetly? There, dear, he says he would like ever so much to hear it. Run to the piano and play it for him. Oh, yes you do want to. Now sit down to the piano and—why, Helene!

The idea of you sticking your tongue out and making such a face as that! I am afraid that Mr. Sweetly will tell his wife when he goes home that he met a very

naughty little girl this afternoon. I don't think that his little girl would—I believe you have a little girl and a boy, Brother Sweetly? Yes. I am so glad for you! What would this world be without these dear little people to brighten and gladden our homes? I often think that—Helene, mamma must request you not to—why, Helene, mamma is quite ashamed of her little girl for—really I would run away if I were you if I couldn't behave any better than that. The child is so overflowing with animal spirits and—

"Here is our little Percy! Percy, darling, this is Mr. Sweetly. He wants to shake hands with you and—Percy! Is that a nice way for a little boy to act? I don't believe that Mr. Sweetly's little boy would act that way or that—very well; mamma thinks her little boy had better leave the room if he cannot behave better than this. He hasn't been quite himself for several days, Brother Sweetly. Usually he is eager to do anything I ask him to do and I insist on having him obey. I think that it is a great mistake to argue with children. To my mind they should be taught to obey without question or argument. I think that one reason we hear so much in this day in regard to the disrespect children show their elders is that the parents do not insist on the prompt obedience on the part of their children. I have a cousin who is, I fear, allowing her four children to get quite beyond her control because of her failure to be firm and insist on prompt obedience when she speaks to them. I have heard her tell them to do a thing two or three times and then they did just as they pleased about obeying her. I really feel sorry for children reared in that way, and I am glad that my husband and I agree in regard to prompt and implicit obedience on the part of our children. They know that when we speak to them there is no alternative and they must obey and—



"Must you go so soon? I wish you could stay longer, and I am so glad you called. As I say, the only way for a minister to come into real spiritual touch with his people is to see them in their own homes and get an insight into the real home life of his people. I hardly see how he can come into close spiritual touch without and—do come again soon, and bring Mrs. Sweetly with you next time. I want her to see my jewels, as I call my children, and—good-bye. My husband will be so sorry that—good-bye. So glad you have become acquainted with the children, and—good-bye."

Max Merryman.

ROOTING.

"THE ROOTING," declares a sporting authority, critically reviewing a recent game of football, "was noticeably ragged and poorly led."

What would be thought, in days of old when knights were bold, of the chivalry of a fighting-man who took his retainers with him to the tourney, and had them posted about with fish-horns and megaphones, for the express purpose of disconcerting his opponent?

Most of us fail because we put off till to-morrow what the other fellow does to-day.

PYGMALION REVERSED



Little Miss Chatterbox modeled in clay:
She modeled a Hercules (talking all day);
Till that demi-god swore
He could stand it no more;
So he shouldered his club, and he sprinted away.
B. S.

Odsbods! not much. Spontaneous bad manners have something to condone them, especially in a generation whose besetting sin is pose. A lot can be forgiven youthful ebullience, too. But deliberate, studied boorishness,—does it pay?
R. B.

POST-ELECTION CONVERSATION.

APPPLICANT.—Have yez got—
NEW OFFICE HOLDER.
—Is it anything of value yez wants?
"It is, begorrah."
"Thin we hoven't got it. Th'parthy goin' out has taken it wid 'em."

ACCEPTING NO FAVORS.

GENTLEMAN (arising in street car).—Won't you take my seat, madam?
THE SUFFRAGETTE.—No, sir, I will not! You are entitled to it until such time as we women have something to say about the framing of laws governing public conveyances.

POINTED.

FIRST DRUMMER.—My firm made half a million in 1907.
SECOND DRUMMER.—My firm made more than ten millions.
"You must have a very profitable line?"
"Pins."



A GENUINE GRIEVANCE.

AGITATED OLD PERSON.—See here, young feller, this here Jagson's Purely Vegetable Panacea is a rank cheat and I want my money back! I read a piece in the paper saying it contained 40 per cent. alcohol an', goldarn it, a chemist that tested it for me says it ain't got but three!

THE ESSENCE OF FREEDOM.



DO YOU LIKE your new country, your America?" asked the man who had refused to emigrate.

"Sure," replied the visitor to the land of his birth, with much enthusiasm. "Great country; free country. Government of the people, for the people and by the people. Nothing like it. No one man affair. Working man's as good as the President. Vote counts just as much. All men equal, you see."

"No nobility; no aristocracy?" wonderingly.

"Oh yes, aristocracy of a corn-fed sort. People with the most money sort of clique together and bar out the other fellows. But the rank and file, the men behind the guns, so-to-speak, don't mind that. They're not hunting society. They go right along making a good living and voting as they please."

"Voting for what?"

"Why, to elect Presidents and Governors and Congressmen, and to keep the government machinery going."

"So, after all, you have rulers?"

"Sure! Why not? But we elect 'em. And if we don't like 'em we kick 'em out again. No life jobs except in the Supreme Court and a few such like places where the laboring man ain't interested."

"It isn't a trust?"

"What? the Supreme Court? Well I never! It ain't so recognized—but say, that's a funny idea, by Heck! No, a trust's where a bunch of fellows put their money together and control something you've got to have, clothing, food, tools or such like, and make you pay heavy for 'em. It's pretty near robbery, but it seems it can't be helped."

"Why don't your Presidents and Governors and Congressmen prevent it?"

"Well, before election they always say they will, but they never do. Next time mebbe we kick 'em out, but somehow the trust goes right along. That's the only thing wrong with the country—the trusts."

"So," mused the man who refused to emigrate. "Here the taxes are high but commodities are cheap; there you dodge your taxes but commodities are dear. Here we have no voice about our ruler; there you elect yours—but the best either of us gets is the worst of it. Where is your advantage?"

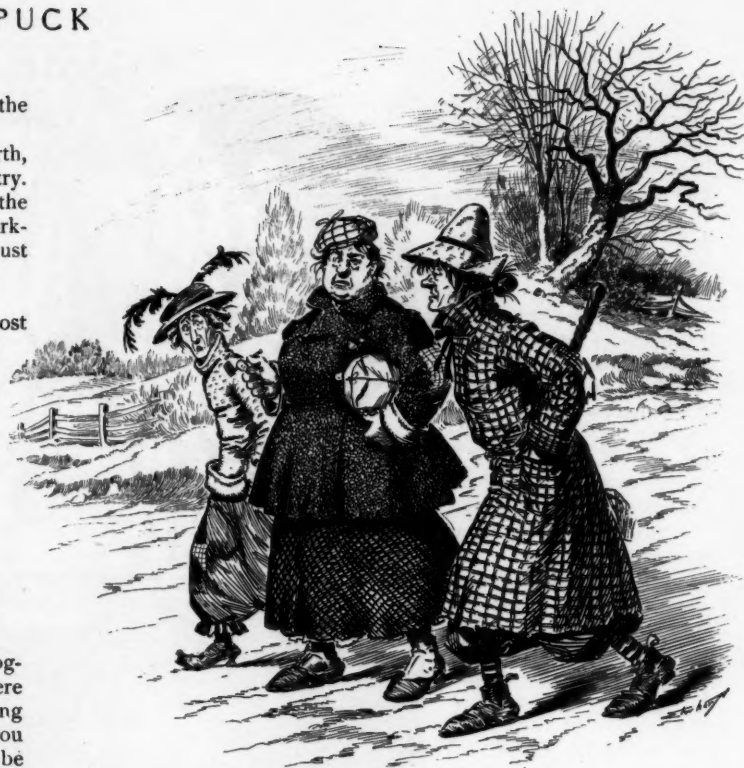
"I reckon having your own way ain't worth nothing at all?" snorted the visitor to the land of his birth.

R. Dick Collier.



"BRUSH YOU OFF, SIR?"

SCENE IN THE JUNGLE PULLMAN ON THE ZAMBESI AND SOUTHERN R. R.



WOMAN'S WIDENING SPHERE.

FRAYED FANNY.—Tell yer wot it is, de day has went by when only men could be hoboes. Women nowadave kin do anythin' wot a man kin do—anythin'!

DUSTY DORA. } —Dat's wot!
INDOLENT IDA. }

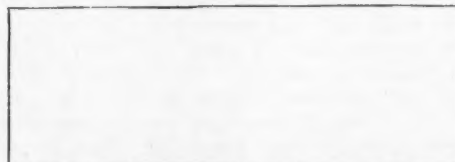
THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

SHE was fluttered with terror.

"Oh, dearest!" she faltered, clinging to him. "Papa vows if you come here again he will kick you into the middle of next week!"

Manly resolution transfigured the youth straightway

"So be it!" he cried, exultingly. "I shall come. I've a note falling due on Monday, and I was just wondering how I should ever get by the date."



"INCLOSED PLEASE FIND, ETC."

PHOTO OF CHECK USED BY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLICATIONS TO PAY CONTRIBUTORS.

DISQUIETING SIMILE.

"CAN we get the public's money with this scheme?"

"Just like taking candy from a baby."

"Then I pass. I can't stand it when they put up a howl."

REAL THING.

DOLLY.—Do you approve of this present fashion of having no hips?

JACK.—Sure. A poor fellow isn't so likely to get stuck on a girl's shape.

NOT SO STRANGE.

"HE always sleeps during working hours, yet he keeps his job." "How is that?"

"He's a hypnotic subject."

HIS CHOICE.

THE LANDLADY.—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer?

MR. NEWCOMER.—A little of the outside, please.

PUCK



IF WE HAVE ANOTHER WAR—

CHEER MASTER (to squad of picked men from leading colleges).—Now, then, fellows, gives this regiment a good one!—Ready? One—Two—(all):

Hullabaloo, baloo, baloo!
Hullabaloo, baloo, baloo!
Flippity flop,
We're on top,
United States!!
Tiger!!!

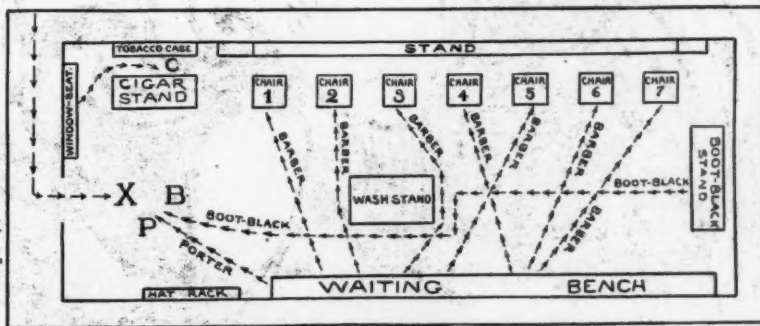


THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

CONCERNING government, he hath
Not any say.
He pegs along his narrow path
In quiet way.
No foe lampoons him for the mob;
No rival plots to get his job.

A speech at dinner sometimes he
Sedately drones;
And sometimes at a building bee
He cornerstones.
But otherwise his weight is nil;
He couldn't pass a dog-tax bill.

Will S. Adkins.



X REPRESENTS THE VICTIM.

What takes place when a lone patron steps into a large barber shop on a dull morning.

BUSINESS HAS "PICKED UP."

"BUSINESS any better than what it was before the 'lection, Sam?" asked Si Batterman of Hen Chick, proprietor of the cross-roads "gen'ral store."

"That's what it is, Si. I sold Dave Perkins that dollar an' a quarter shovel he's been hangin' off about buyin' until he saw how the 'lection was goin' to come out. Then 'Squire Dodd bought a hull half pound o' tea to-day an' Susan Parks bought two yards

o' crash an' a can o' peaches. I guess I tuk in much as four dollars an' sixty-five cents to-day. I reckoned all along that there would be a boom in the financial world if we 'lected the right man, an' by jacks we have, judgin' from my sales!"

M. M. M.

PULP.

A CRISIS confronts us. With the national restriction in the cutting down of our forests comes a corresponding diminution of wood pulp, the result being that our supply of paper is threatened. This means of course that we shall not be able to print as many best sellers as we have been doing. Thus by purely mechanical means, may be brought about a new era.

Doubtless, however, some invention will circumvent this embarrassment. Some of our most popular authors for example, may sit on a stage before their audiences, their typewriters in front of them, and as they bang away, the words will appear on a transparency above. People will then—as usual—clutch each other nervously or blanch with fright, as they read some situation in which someone is being heartlessly robbed or murdered. The advertisements will read "A thrill guaranteed every five minutes."

Or novels may be produced in phonographic styles to be listened to in the publicity of one's home.

Another way may be say to use up one-half of our incipient novelists, and reduce them to paper pulp. This would more than supply the demand, and give us more time than we have at present to read what the other half is dashing off.

NO HEAD.

"HIS WIFE boasts that she made him what he is." "H'm! She seems to have neglected to work any higher than his neck."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.—Mrs. Wigglesworth has invited me to make her a nice long visit.

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.—When do you expect to call her bluff?

SUBURBAN LIFE.

LITTLE JENNIE was spending the day with the local clergyman's child and for want of a better topic of conversation her little friend's mother asked her, "Does your papa say a pretty grace, dear?"

"Grace?" asked Jennie, mystified.

"Yes, dear. What did he say the first thing this morning, for instance?"

"Oh, I know," replied Jennie, her face brightening; "he said, 'Darn it all! I've only got five minutes to catch my train.'"

THE majority of farmers are not financiers. That is, there are more farmers of whom you may say that they keep geese than of whom you may say that geese keep them.



AN ANTHONY COMSTOCKING.

Add to comfortable mediocrity a sense of opportunity and you have as good an imitation of genius as you can use with comfort in most lines of business.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HIGH TARIFF PHRYNE BE



PHRYNE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.



THE CARDS.

Mrs. Henry Cottontail.

THE HUTCH.

JIMMY COTTONTAIL
BESSIE "
WILLIE "
EDDIE "
SARAH "
PEARL "
BILL "
GLADYS "
SOPHIE "
JOHNNY "
ANNY "
FLORENCE "

December 5th, 1908.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE OCCASION.

MRS. BUNNY.—Why, William, what do you think! The stork has visited sister Julia again. Here are the cards.

THE MADNESS OF SMITH.

EXCESSIVELY modest, even timid, in manner, he tiptoed softly and diffidently into the presence of the Ways and Means Committee. No one saw him enter; otherwise, in all probability, he would not have been there—there, where the momentous question of tariff revision was being viewed in all its phases.

At first he was not noticed. Then his very modesty betrayed him. He was so different in deportment from the other gentlemen present at the hearing, so quiet and unobtrusive, so

shrinking and so silent, that it was inevitable that he should come to be regarded as a suspicious character. At a sign from the chairman, a member of the committee approached him.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said the committeeman.

"John Smith," was the modest one's reply.

"What industry do you represent?"

"No industry in particular."

"Are you concerned, as a manufacturer or producer, in the tariff schedule to be considered to-day?"

"No, sir. Frankness compels me to say—"

"Well, inasmuch as you are not interested in the matter before the committee, I'm afraid I shall have to request that—"

"Certainly. Certainly," broke in the modest one. "I was just going. In a small way, I am interested in tariff revision. I do represent a certain interest; very slight, though, very slight, of course, and nothing at all when compared with the interests of these other gentlemen here, but I can hardly expect the committee to waste any precious time on me. No doubt, I was rash in coming, no doubt."

"Not at all, my dear sir, not at all," said the committeeman, kindly, "but we must do things systematically. Some other day, we will discuss the schedules in which you are interested. Whom did you say you represented?"

"I?" quoth the modest one. "Oh, I represent the consumer, the American consumer. John Smith is my name."

The features of the committeeman underwent a fearful change.

"Send for the sergeant-at-arms," he whispered to the doorman. "There is a lunatic here."

A. H. F.

A PROFITABLE INNOVATION.

COLONEL WHITE.—I understand that your congregation is in a fair way to get the church debt paid off soon?

PARSON BAGSTER.—Yassah, Cuhnel! Yassah; 'bleeged to-yo', sah, for askin'. De Lawd sholy do 'pear to be wid us in our financials, dese days, mo' 'specially since we done engaged a one-armed man to take up de c'lection. Dat's an idee, sah, dat our new-converted brudder, Mistah Jack Pullyam, the refawmed gamblin'-man, putt us up to. How true 'tis, as de 'Postle says, dat de child'en o' darkness am wiser dan de child'en o' light! Hadn't-uh been for Brudder Jack we never would-uh thought o' dat scheme in de livin' world!

PROPER RATIONS.

NOVICE FISHERMAN (off Florida coast).—By George! I'd like to land a sword-fish or two. What'll I bait with, old man?

BOATMAN (without a smile).—Army worms, o' course!

IT IS.

"SPEAKING of automobile jokes."

"Yes?"

"Isn't it about time for the 1909 models to be out?"

HOW IT WAS.

"DE PO' child died fum eatin' too much watahmillion."

"Hoh! Dar ain't no sich-uh thing as too much watahmillion."

"Well, den, dar wasn't enough boy."

ROSE TO IT.

MR. JUSTINTRODUCED.—Who is that awfully homely man over there in the corner, Mrs. Hobson?

MRS. HOBSON.—That is Mr. Hobson.

MR. J.—Ah, how true it is that the homeliest men always marry the prettiest wives.



DURING THE NEXT WAR.

GENERAL.—What is the meaning of this disgraceful retreat? You are not fit to command a body of men, sir!

FAT CAPTAIN (gasping).—Oh, but I am! I qualified by walking fifty miles in two days in the Infantry Endurance test.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA.



I.
The old time star rehearsing her part.

THE ADVERTISING CLASS.

THE CLASS in advertising was in session at the Agricultural Commerce College. Professor Agate addressed his sun browned, broad shouldered students.

"I have endeavored, gentlemen, to give you some ideas as to forms of advertising designed to put the farmer in touch with the consumer, eliminating the middle-man. I wish to learn what fruit my instruction has borne. Consider that Farmer Bumpkin has harvested 100 barrels of apples. He desires to sell them. Mr. Baldwin, please compose an advertisement in canned-soup metre."

The student named hesitated and stammered, but finally was delivered of the following:

"A philadelphia little boy
When asked to pass his plate for scrapple,
Though hungry, answered, 'None for me,
I need the room for Bumpkin's Apple.'"

The Professor's plump face clouded with discouragement. He sighed and turned to the next student. "Mr. Timothy, kindly attempt the newly discovered biographical or historical manner."

"Apples," rapidly recited Mr. Timothy, slipping into his subject with easy facility, "commenced history and scandal in the Garden of Eden. They continued both through the period of mythology. More modernly they launched science with Sir Isaac Newton. Yet of all the apples produced in the past none could compare with the stock offered for sale at the Bumpkin Farms on Tuesday next."

"That has the admirable quality of brevity," commented Professor Agate, his frown lifting. "Now, Mr. Rye, let us have the T. W. L. or Frenzied Finance form."

Mr. Rye promptly respond-



II.
The star of to-day rehearsing hers.

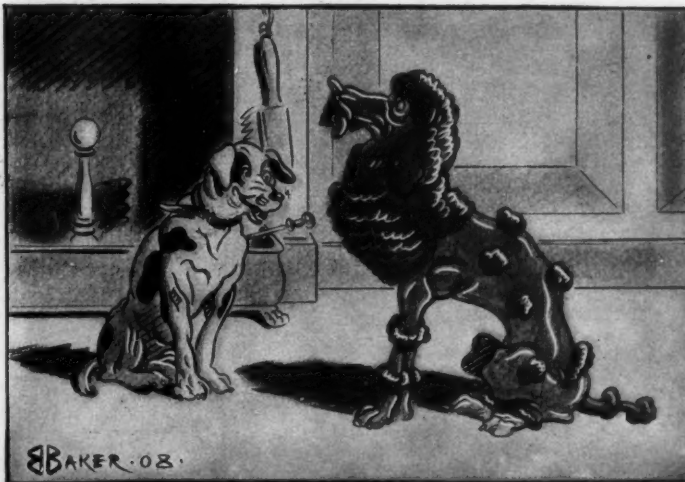
ed: "You all know speckled fruit—how plenty it is, how nine perjured dealers out of ten carry it exclusively, how fat creepy worms tunnel its decayed flesh and lie curled in its rotten core, a how you are unceasingly and invariably robbed when you purchase it. Why not cease to be a jellyfish and grow a spine? Look for an honest apple though it does put you to an hour's trouble. For there is one. And Farmer Bumpkin will sell one thousand barrels of it on Tuesday at his farm on the Pike trolley."

"Good," smiled the instructor. "Mr. Bantam, the department store style."

"Our few unsold apples," began Mr. Bantam—"some three hundred barrels—will be sacrificed one final in sale on Tuesday afternoon, day after to-morrow. We regret that our heavy advance orders so far depleted our stock, as this fruit in its lustrous beauty, its rare delicacy of flavor, is the most extraordinary offering ever presented. But come to our sale, for those disappointed in their natural desire to obtain a share of this wonderful stock may listen to our male quartette of harvesters who will render selections, or they may regale themselves on our chief's newest invention, Pommes Parisiennes."

"Excellent," said Professor Agate. "Decidedly we are making progress. Good morning, gentlemen, the class is dismissed."


Layton Brewer.



ANOTHER CUT.

THE POODLE (proudly).—How do you like this style of hair-cut?

THE TERRIER.—Personally I prefer to patronize a barber—not a landscape-gardener.


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CHANCE TO MAKE UP.

"Why so sorrowful, girl?"
 "We have parted forever. He writes me to send back the ring."
 "Tell him to call for it," advised the experienced friend.
 —Wash. Herald.

GLOBE SIGHTS.
 A man never does anything in the way a woman says it should be done.—*Exchange.*

GLASSES AND GLASSES.
 "I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning," said Lushman. "Perhaps it's my eyes; do you think I need stronger glasses?"
 "No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHEN there has been a death in a family, none of the members act quite serious enough to please the neighbors.—*Exchange.*

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 24 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.


PROOF.
 "I am divine," says Elbert Hubbard, and we must admit that he performs a miracle when he gets away with that kind of stuff.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RESULTS OF RE-NOWN.
 "He woke up one day and found himself famous."
 "Well?"
 "And the next day he received 300 begging letters and an assortment of matrimonial offers."—*Ex.*

EPITAPH ON A BORE.—He was not for a time, but for all day.—*Punch.*

"THE pot can't call the kettle black."
 "No, the kettles nowadays are mostly brass or porcelain."
 —*Kan. City Times.*

"I SEE a New York dame claims that a woman needs \$70,000 a year for clothes. I s'pose hers is an exceptional case."
 "Not at all. Every woman needs that much. Only they don't all get it."—*Exchange.*


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"OH, HEAVENS, what an honor! His royal highness has himself run me down with his auto!" — *Wahre Jacob.*

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 It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
 lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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"THEY say that Cholly has lost his mind."
"Is that so? Does he know it?"
—*Boston Courier*.

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HE (at the opera).—Just going out for a little fresh air, my dear.
SHE.—A slight draught, you mean, I suppose.—*Punch*.

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on Florida's warm sands and delightful water is an alluring thought. The short cut to this pleasure of the Sunny South is to sail for CHARLESTON and JACKSONVILLE on board of one of the fine steamers of the CLYDE LINE

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ROLICKING DRINKING SONG.

With a Check on the Rollick.

Come! Pour us the ruby red wine!
For in it real happiness lies,
Inspiring philosophy richly divine,
To ev'ry true thinker endeared!
Bright scintillant sparkles it brings to the eyes.
(And makes them at last rather bleared.)

The juice of the palpitant grape
The soul optimistic expands;
The Future takes on such a ravishing shape
'Twere idle with Hope to dissemble.
Ambition itself you might grasp with your hands!
(Until it's observed that they tremble.)

A fig for the foolish who think
In temperance joy they can find!
In idle indifference gaily we drink
While jeering the stoics who ponder.
To quaff, and quaff deeply, we have but one mind.
(A mind which before long will wander.)

Right clear through the night, as we sup,
We drink the rich juice of the South;
We see no To-morrow inside the wine cup;
So what of its thought is the use?
Then pour the delicious red wine in your mouth!
(Soon painfully thick lipped and loose.)

We laugh at the progress of Time,
No matter how sternly he stalks;
The roseate liquor is far too sublime
To urge us to more than a rambling,
And filled with our nectar we proudly may walk!
(Until it drifts into a shambling.)

We'll live just as long as we can,
And in the bright Present repose;
The Future we'll leave to the non-drinking man,
Who has no real sense in his head.
So, ere you imbibe, sniff the wine in your nose.
(Which will soon be a furious red.)
—*Associated Sunday Magazines*.

THE WORST OF ALL DISEASES.

"Down in our country," said Judge Sam Cowan of Texas, "we had a case in one of the minor courts where a lawyer was trying to collect a bill he claimed was owed to the late husband of his client."

"He didn't pay no money to the diseased," said the lawyer. "He didn't get the money, the diseased didn't. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't."

"'Diseased?' inquired the judge. 'What was this person you are speaking about diseased of?'"

"'May it please your honor,' said the lawyer, 'he was diseased of death.'"
—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—And now, children, can you tell me, when Balaam and his ass conversed, what language they spoke in?

LITTLE HARRY GREEN.—Please, sir, Assyrian.—*The Bellman*.

"YOU SEE," said the professor, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Prym. "I trust the conversation can proceed without drifting into scandal."
—*Washington Star*.

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TWO FROM THREE LEAVES ONE.

MRS. WINROW.—Jabez, you swore then! Did you cut yourself?

MR. WINROW (with fine self-restraint).—Figure it out fur y'self, Sarah. You ain't cut none, an' the hired man's down in the swamp medder.

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

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By George W. Blake.

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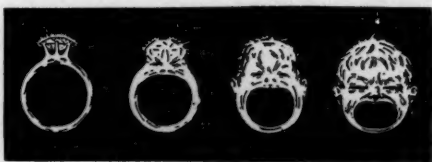
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CHRISTMAS EVE.

O'BRIEN.—Begorry, oi guess yez
hav bin out longer thin mesilf. Take
a swig ov this, ould man.

To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's
Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal
way to serve this delicious fruit.

WHERE WAS SHE?

She was young and beautiful and un-
used to the ways of the world. She had
left Pittsburg on an early morning train
to visit a school friend in New York.
It had been a tiresome journey, and
just before reaching Harrisburg she
had fallen asleep.

Waking up, she turned around to an
old gentleman in the seat behind her,
and said, "Will you please tell me, if
we are on this side of Harrisburg or on
the other side."

"We are on this side," he said. She
seemed satisfied at this answer, although
what she meant by her question and he
by his answer is perhaps still a con-
jecture.—*Lippincott's*.

Before selling to an unknown pur-
chaser one usually requires some re-
liable references—such as Dun or
Bradstreet.

Why not use the same precautions
in buying filing cabinet equipment.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati,
has the highest possible rating—the
largest factory facilities and the most
responsible distributing agents to insure
satisfactory service now and at any fu-
ture time. Catalogue on request.

THE IRISH BIRD-CHARMER.

Wid more or less o' tuneful grace,
As fits a Celtic singer,
I've praised the "great bird of our race,"
The stork, the blessin'-bringer.
When first to my poor roof he came,
How sweetly he was sung to!
I called him every dacent name
That I could lay my tongue to.
But glory be! that praise from me
So pleased the simple crayture
His visits here have come to be
A sort o' second nature.
I'm glad to see him now an' then,
But, glory be to Heaven!
If here he isn't back again,
An' this is number seven!

Och! though this gift o' song may be
In many ways a blessin',
It brings some popularity
That gets to be disthressin'.
Now, mind, I love this Irish bird—
We couldn't live widout him—
An', shure, I'll not take back a word
I ever said about him,
But now when all these mouths to feed
Ate up our little savin's,
The birds whose visits most we need
Are ould Elisha's ravens.
Begor! if they were 'round these days,
An' I could make them hear me,
I'd sing them such a song o' praise
'Twould keep them always near me.

T. A. Daly,
in the Catholic Standard and Times.

FASHION note from a Missouri pa-
per: "The latest fashion is a little ruff
on the neck, but we must have it."



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No Honing



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Shaving in the old way is the bane of a
man's life. It means time wasted at the bar-
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with the old-fashioned razor, with the cer-
tainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous
or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is
not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy. Takes
only five minutes for a smooth, satisfying
shave, no matter how rough the beard or
tender the skin.

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it. It is the one razor that is safe—cannot
cut his face—and it is the only razor that
can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

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Gillette like a duck to water once he gets ac-
quainted—but, as with other improvements,
it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

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MINUTE BUT MERRY.

A little widow now and then
Plays havoc with the single men.
She smites our hearts with glances
bright.

Beware, O men, the widow's smite.
—*Houston Post*.

BEGINNER (*wrathfully*).—Look
here, I'm tired of you laughing at my
game. If I hear any more impudence
from you I'll crack you over the head.

CADDIE.—All right; but I'll bet yer
don't know what's the right club to do
it with.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

MRS. KNICKER.—Where do you
keep your auto?

MRS. NEWRICH.—Far mirage, of
course.—*New York Sun*.

SHE (*sleepily, in rear of auto*).—How
rough the road is to-night.

CHAUFFEUR.—I should say so! Every
man we hit is extra big.—*The Bellman*.

FIRST FARMER.—H'lo, Hiram!
Where be you goin'?

SECOND FARMER.—Goin' to town
to git drunk, an' gawsh haow I dread
it!—*Boston Transcript*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Make Christmas Selections Now. Whatever
you select we send on approval. If satisfied, pay one-
fifth on delivery; balance in eight equal monthly
payments. Catalog free. Write today—New.
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EXPLAINING IT.

"Although my father is an invalid,"
said Miss Howell, "he takes a deep in-
terest in my musical education. He
always encourages me to practice my
singing-at-home, even when he's in
greatest pain."

"Well," replied Miss Cutting, "they
do say that one may be made to for-
get a great pain by a greater one."—
Catholic Standard and Times.

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DRUGGISTS.
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BESSIE SHALL NOT STAND TONIGHT

Manhattan's sun was setting over Jersey 'cross the Bay,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a maiden young and fair,
As she climbed with weary footsteps up the Elevated stair.
But a hasty glance assured her, — not a single seat in sight,
As she breathed the husky whisper —
"Must I stand again to-night?"



THE PUCK PRESS

Gordon
Barnum



Banished now is every vestige of his hesitating air,
As again he notes the figure of the maiden standing there.
Lo, the pendulous strap is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled his bosom, stopped his breath and paled his brow.
Shall he let her stand? No, never! Flash his eyes with sudden light,
And he springs and grasps it firmly —
"Bessie shall not stand to-night!"
Out he swung, far off, and Bessie settled in the seat below.
Twixt heaven and earth he dangled, as the strap swung to and fro.
Although she failed to thank him, the brave deed that he had done
Shall be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Flood the sky and land with bee-y. And the aged Harlemlite
Long shall tell the little childre' —
"Bessie did not stand that night."

F. H. Phillips



In a seat secured by effort of the fierce and strenuous kind,
Down behind his evening paper, Basil Underwood reclined.
But in vain his feigned assumption of a vague, unconscious air,
For before him stands the maiden with a pencil in her hair.
So he knows he's up against it, and his lips, all stern and white,
Frame a murmur of submission
"This is where I stand to-night!"

